Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deereſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayde
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head:
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
The gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed knight,
And your thought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For fitting on his helme,
multitudes, and on my head
For the time will come
That Northerne youth exchange
Theſe indignities,
And my Lord
Battailes on my behalfe.

And